

GORE GAZETTE

FREE Your Bi-Weekly Guide To Horror, Exploitation And Gore In The N.Y. Metro Area

No. 18



ALLURING CAMILLE KEATON RAISES HER TRUSTY HATCHET HIGH AS SHE PREPARES TO CLEAVE THE BACK OF A SWIMMER WHO VIOLATED HER IN I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE.

I SPIT ON THE CREEP BROTHERS

Opening last weekend to an extremely limited engagement, The Jerry Gross Organization's I Spit On Your Grave easily lived up to its infamous reputation as a debasing, repulsive (yet entertaining) example of cinematic sexploitation. First released early last year to the rural Southern and mid-Western drive-in circuits, Spit garnered a great deal of notoriety when it attracted the attention of Chicago area film reviewers Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert (aka the Creep Brothers). The two were so incensed by the film that they used it as a focal point of their "horrendous treatment of women in today's horror films" segment of Sneak Previews, a PBS weekly comedy series that tries to pass itself off as a serious film review program. Citing Spit as "the absolute worst" with regards to its inhumane and sexist treatment of women, these two weeds urged to write irate letters to the distrib-

of this film and all others of similar ilk,

hopefully to surpress future depraved productions. Certainly all members of the Moral Majority, most women's groups and a large slice of middle America are no doubt commending the respectable work the Creep Brothers are doing with their stamp out sleaze campaign. However, I wonder if their reception would be as warm if these people knew that Roger Ebert (the more obnoxious of the pair) was the creative genius responsible for writing the screenplay of that 1970 decadence/gore/sex classic Beyond The Valley Of The Dolls, a Russ Meyer film that for the past decade has been regarded as the penultimate in bad taste. Roger's cute screenplay featured assorted female beatings, stompings, assaults, etc., and culminated in a lovely sequence in which a young lady was forced to perform fellatio on a loaded .45 revolver. How come you didn't include that example in your "women abused" spectacular, pal? I hate to use the limited space of the G.G. to editorialize, but it seems unjust that two dorks from Chicago should have such sway as to disclaim a type of film and actively call for its censorship when one of them has made a great deal of money in the past from the very same genre. Spit's severely limited release circuit (1 theater in N.Y., 2 in N.J.) may have been the direct result of this unwarranted badmouthing. As for the film, I Spit On Your Grave is your standard set 'em up and knock 'em down revenge exploitationer, albeit considerably stronger than most. Essentially a kind of rural version of Ms. 45, Spit concerns a young novelist who rents a summer home in upstate NY to concentrate on her writing. Soon after her arrival she is raped, beaten, and tormented on four separate occasions by four local goons (who seem to have graduated from the 2000 Maniacs school of acting) during the course of one afternoon. She later gets her revenge by stalking them individually and eventually killing each

**THIS WOMAN
HAS JUST
CUT, CHOPPED,
BROKEN,
and BURNED
FIVE MEN
BEYOND
RECOGNITION...**



**I SPIT
ON YOUR
GRAVE**

**...AN ACT OF
REVENGE** R

TASTEFUL AD ART
FROM JERRY GROSS.
(Obviously, Mr. G.
has trouble counting:
this woman only
does in 4 men
during the film.)

one in a different sordid manner (i.e., one is hacked up with a knife and then burned, another has a hatchet flung into his back while swimming, etc.). It all sounds like great fun, but unfortunately Spit has a disturbing quality about it in that it takes itself far too seriously- its violence and sick attitude is no worse than Last House On The Left or Mother's Day, yet it lacks the sense of comic relief and pervading dumbness that made these two films entertaining and enjoyable to watch. After the young woman in Spit is covered with cuts and bruises and is being raped for the third and fourth times, one gets the uncomfortable feeling that maybe writer/director Meir Zarchi has gone a little bit too far and let his film get a touch too ill. The "revenge" half

of the flick is much faster-paced and more interesting, however, featuring sultry Camille Keaton excellently playing the ravaged psychotic siren role as if she really enjoys snuffing out sleaze-ball attackers. Although lacking any real graphic gore, Spit's R rating seems pretty liberal: it contains the most explicit language I've ever heard in a non-porn film and enough frontal nudity that the film seems like a shoe-in candidate for banishment into the realm of X-dom. I Spit On Your Grave might disappoint gore fans as aside from a neat back-cleaving scene, the bloodletting is kept pretty much to a trickle, yet it is a must-see for sex offenders, perverts and hard-core filth/exploitation connoisseurs. I enjoyed it, but I'm not real proud that I did....

FILM FLAM DEPT.

There's not really too much that can be told about an abysmal little dud called The People Who Own The Dark since its advertising, distributor, and storyline are all shrouded in a veil of deception and mystery. The film opened to a scant few metropolitan theaters last Friday with an ad tag line reading, "Sean S. Cunningham, director of Friday The 13th, presents The People Who Own The Dark". Posters outside the theater give Sean credit for producing the film and even the distribution company bears his respected moniker. Well, somebody's a wicked liar 'cause once inside the theater with my \$3.50 admission safely tucked in the box office drawer, I never saw any more mention of Mr. C. After the crudely inserted credits revealed that Sean had nothing to do with the flick, I was shocked to find People to be an ancient, low budget Spanish/Italian import from the late 60's or early 70's starring none other than Paul Naschy, Spain's favorite werewolf (see G.G. #2). How could this be, I thought to myself, since I purposely checked the cast and credits on the film's poster and they all seemed like red-blooded Americans. I ran out and looked at the poster once again only to find that Mr. Naschy's name had been Anglicised to "Paul Mackey" as had all the other credits in the honorable tradition begun by miscellaneous snake oil distributors like Dimension Pictures, William Mishkin, etc. Knowing I'd been had, I tried to go back and watch the film, only to find it to be virtually unintelligible. People attempts to tell the tale of a group of Marquis De Sade worshipers who gather on an island to honor their patron, only to discover that the island has been contaminated by radiation, forcing its inhabitants to become blind and eventually go mad. That's really about all that I can tell you since I could not follow what the hell was going on in this muddled excuse for a movie. As far as I know, it contained no gore, lots of bore, and a little cheap sex thrown in to keep everyone awake. It didn't work on me, however, because I nodded out cold for the last 20 minutes of this loser. Yep, I missed the whole ending, but it really didn't matter because I doubt it would have made one iota of sense to me anyway. Perhaps some astute G.G. scholar out there could shed some light on the People mystery: What was its original title? What shyster is trying to pass it off as a new film? What year was it made?, etc.,etc. (My only guess is that the Sean Cunningham mentioned could be an Americanization of some pitiful pasta mogul who wanted to make some fast bucks with a crud film using a big box office attraction name...) Anyway, avoid this rip-off at all costs!

THE FOG ON SNAPE ISLAND

While on the topic of deception and rip-offs, let's not forget to mention Independent International, a tricky little distribution outfit responsible for bringing us past gems like Dracula vs. Frankenstein and The House Of Psychotic Women. Their newest release is Beyond The Fog, a horror thriller designed to capitalize on John Carpenter's hit of last year. What the folks at I.I. have done is to acquire the rights to an old 1972 British horror flick entitled The Horror Of Snape Island, re-title it and pass it off to an unsuspecting public as new product. While not really an awful film, Snape looks terribly dated and has the plodding, slow pace that typifies nearly all British releases. The sparse gore effects are pretty phoney-looking and the choppy nature of the flick suggests that it may have had a good portion of them removed for its re-release. Snape is worth catching if only for the fact that when it finally makes it to TV (probably next month), even more editing will have been done on it. Its co-feature in some areas is They're Coming To Get You, a 1975 release which contains some neat female carve-up and animal mutilation scenes, but is basically boring and better left neglected.